

A Great Hunting Dog—

—BUT HE COULD USE SOME "OBEDIENCE" TRAINING.



THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

Scoffs at Piteous Bleats Of Professional Do-Gooders

Deafened as the common ear is with the piteous bleats of professional humanitarians to the effect that most of the world is a sea of economic suffering which could be alleviated if only the United States would downgrade its way of life to the same level, it is refreshing to have a hard-headed expert put the boots to the dreary notion that two-thirds of the world is starving to death.

Let us not get into a hassle over what constitutes an "expert." Dr. Colin Clark of the faculty of Oxford University, which is a pretty good recommendation in itself, was generally hailed in the public prints as a "world-famed British economist" when he went on record recently to the effect that the myth of universal starvation was nothing more than a hysterical delusion and that where starvation does exist it is political and nothing that anybody could do anything about even if they wanted to.

The curious delusion that almost everybody, especially in the United States, is underprivileged is a sort of cult enjoying a wide vogue in the milk-for-the-Hottentots set. Even The New Yorker magazine, notoriously a medium for the promotion of the most costly merchandise and expensive services available anywhere, recently ran a back review of fatiguing length on an essay in statistical mendacity designed to "prove" that vast segments of the American population existed at the subsistence level. Statistics are, after all, nothing more than lies with affidavits and The New Yorker has long demonstrated the paradox that the most stupefying reading matter is the most gratifyingly profitable.

In any case, Dr. Clark went on to point out that if 10 or 15 per cent of the world's population was getting less than the regulation business-man's lunch, the condition obtained in such places as China, Russia and the Congo where the slave state philosophy embraces starvation to keep the serfs from being troublesome or where sheer incompetence, as in the majority of newly enfranchised African states, eliminates all possibility of a rational economy.

As a footnote to the starvation myth, Dr. Clark might have added that a ponderable fraction of the allegedly starving in the United States achieve this condition by their own free volition through the agency of diets in the interest of being fashionably slim. This hilarious situation is, of course, earnestly promoted by life insurance companies and syndicated medical quacks in the public prints with gruesome statistics (lies with affidavits) about the mortality rate among fat men. Nobody ever seems to

have investigated the index mortality in circles where it is believed that orange juice and melba toast, valve gear lubricants as substitutes for butter and meatless veal loaf were designed by a just God for human consumption.

Having deprived the professional breast-beaters of one of their most staple articles of early faith, it almost seems a shame to proceed to the demolition of another of the myths with which viewers weary faith, it almost seems a the marrow of auditors for some years now in the form of the horrid thesis that, in the event of thermonuclear war, "all life would vanish from the earth." This unwholesome mendacity has been repeated with such urgency and volume that its origin as enemy propaganda has been lost in the mists of self-induced panic, and we have the daily assurance of any vocal creep who wants to call attention to himself for the sake of a fleeting headline that if war ever again breaks out, humanity will call it a day and close up shop.

To break the bad news as gently as possible, this simply is not so, has never been so and there is no prospect of its becoming so at any time in the immediate future, although the continued stockpiling of nuclear weapons in an unending spiral of competitive armament might give the notion validity one of these days.

The official estimate of informed Government sources is that the total nuclear stockpile in the entire world is less than a fifth of that necessary for the achievement of what scientists cheerily call a "beach." The word derives from the title of a now-forgotten horror fiction novel called "On the Beach," and means the production of sufficient fallout to kill off half the world's inhabitants. In other words, under optimum conditions of delivery and concentration, today's supply of thermonuclear weapons, if released, could only account for one of the Earth's population in 10, not even enough to take care of Red China when the time comes.

This isn't for a minute to suggest that any future all-out war will not be a very untidy business indeed and that the resulting destruction of property and economic order might be vastly more calamitous than is implied by the potential human casualties. It does, however, put something of a crimp in the style of handwringers who have made a brisk emotional living for themselves with doomsday forecasts of the inevitable end of all things if a big-scale shooting gets under way. Some spoilsports are always coming up with facts. It's one of the occupational hazards of being a Cassandra. (Chronicle Feature)

We Quote...

"'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have filed a joint return." — Robert G. Campbell, Litzitz (Pa.) Record-Express.

"Every man in America is proud of his right of life, liberty and the happiness of pursuit." — Gerald K. Young, Blakesburg (Iowa) Excelsior.

"Never brag. If you deserve praise, you don't need it. If you don't deserve it, nobody will believe you anyway." — Robert G. Campbell, Litzitz (Pa.) Record-Express.

"A thing of beauty sometimes proves to be an expense forever." — Margaret K. France, North Industry (Ohio) Observer.

"If we don't beat the Russians to the moon, we may beat them into bankruptcy." — H. R. Smith, Brookville (Ohio) Star.

"Even moderation should not be practised to excess." — Virginia Gaskill, Pennsburg (Pa.) Town and Country.

"One argument in defense of the chewing of tobacco is

that it never started any forest fires." — Terry J. Carlson, Sykesville (Pa.) Post-Dispatch.

"Don't worry about finding your station in life. There'll always be somebody around to tell you where to get off." — E. M. Remsburg, Vista (Calif.) Press.

"It's always the henpecked husband who crows loudest away from home." — Ray S. Francis, Cherryvale (Kans.) Republican.

"Usually a husband grows alone — especially when the little woman hasn't had a birthday for the last 10 years." — Kenny Bennett, Greencastle (Ind.) Putnam County Graphic.

"The golf duffer seldom addresses the ball properly after he misses it." — Rosalie K. Frost, Cranston (R. I.) Herald.

The Golden Rule is old but it's as good as ever. It hasn't been used often enough to result in any appreciable wear.

A Bookman's Notebook

'Light of Day' New Ambler In the Classic Pattern

William Hogan

Eric Ambler is a masterful entertainer. I pick up his novels of intrigue with the same great expectations that I picked up the Philip Marlowe stories of the late Raymond Chandler, and have never been disappointed.

In a new entertainment, "The Light of Day," Ambler returns to Istanbul, that most Oriental of European cities. He makes you right at home in the villas above the Bosphorus; he makes you resent such an American intrusion into this classic setting of wonderful stories as the Istanbul Hilton Hotel.

Once again, Ambler builds tension with a minimum of violence (you don't find a single body in this) and a maximum of savoir faire. His characterization here is particularly interesting. As in most Ambler projects, the story is essentially a chase. But the man with whom our sympathies lie is a grubby, small time British-Egyptian journalist turned chauffeur-guide.

Arthur Abdel Simpson is a disreputable former pornographer who is not above petty thievery. Yet Ambler builds him into a compassionate figure as, quite by accident, Simpson finds himself in dire international trouble. He steals his way into a reader's emotions and thereby makes the polished, if unscrupulous, characters around him all the blacker.

There is no reason to go into the action. It is as tightly woven as a cardigan jacket and, in the Ambler fashion, another classic of its genre.

Alfred A. Knopf, his American publisher, tells us that Ambler's work is far less appreciated in this country than it should be. In my enthusiasm I had thought him to be the hottest British literary property in America this side of Ian Fleming. Knopf himself is so high on the present caper that he declares in his quarterly house organ:

"If any of my readers choose to follow my advice and buy 'The Light of Day' only to be disappointed in it, they may write to me returning the title page and I will mail back, with my compliments, any (Knopf) book published at \$3.95 or less." This is the safest offer of the season. I decided at 2 o'clock one morning last week when I finished "The Light of Day."

Can it be possible that Ambler is less known in this country than he should be? Look up these, if you have never read them: "Back

ground to Danger;" "Cause for Alarm;" "A Coffin for Demetrios;" "Journey Into Fear" (1937-1940). The new

one is a graceful addition to this distinguished company. THE Light of Day. By Eric Ambler. Knopf: 248 pp., \$3.95.

Around the World With

DELAPLANE

"Where can I get information on the Mississippi river cruise of the 'Dixie Belle'?"

You must mean the "Delta Queen"—I don't think there's any other paddle wheel cruise boats on the rivers. The "Delta Queen" has cruises from Cincinnati to New Orleans. On the Ohio. On the Tennessee and several others.

I was on her once and thought it was just great—and not expensive. Lot of little landings. The river bank towns. A steam calliope playing on the stern. Pleasant deck rooms and good food. For the folders, write Greene Line, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"We are told we can have a private audience with the Pope on our trip to Rome. How do you find out what to do? What to wear?"

This is the way it happened for me—twice, once at the Vatican and once at the summer residence at Castel Gandolfo. Since it is arranged, a Vatican messenger delivers the invitation with time and place at your hotel.

The concierge said it was customary to tip him. I forget how much but he told me—it was minor—and I left it with the concierge.

The private audience included about 25 people. Show your invitation at the entrance and you are taken to the private audience room. Men wear dark suits. Women wear dark clothing, long sleeves, fairly high neck, gloves, hat or head veil.

When his Holiness enters the room, Catholics kneel. Other faiths need not. He passes around, speaking briefly to each person. (Catholics kneel and kiss his ring. Other faiths need not.)

He ends with a prayer. (Catholics kneel. Others need not.) Whatever religious articles you are carrying for yourself or friends, are blessed.

"We are thinking of going to San Blas on the West Coast of Mexico, below Mazatlan. Is this good?"

Supposed to be good for surf fishing. For me, you couldn't drive me into the place with a pistol. (I should say I haven't been there in five years.) There was nothing much there except a couple of rather ornate hotels. Food was mediocre.

All along these beach towns carry an insect repellent. "Off!" sprays on and is good. They have a small gnats that gets you in the ankles. The itch lasts for weeks.

I think Mazatlan has more to offer. Good beaches and a rather nice town. Several good motel-type places on the north side. For very Mexican atmosphere, stay at the old Belmar Hotel on the waterfront. And don't miss those oysters they sell at the street stands in the morning. They open them fresh and sprinkle them with hot sauce and lime juice. Wonderful.

"... some restaurants with atmosphere for three days in Madrid?"

Have the taxi driver take you to the Plaza Mayor, the enormous old plaza in the old part of the city. You'll find two restaurants in the far corner—El Pulpito and the other, Bodega de la Melon, as I remember.

In the summer, you eat outside in the plaza. In this corner, stairs lead down into a dimly lit cobbled street where you find two more: Las Cuevas de Luis Candelos—named for Spain's Robin Hood. The waiters wear knee boots and old-fashioned pistols. Farther down the street, El Botin, probably the best. You need reservations. It's crowded.

The sea food is good. So is the lechon—young roast pig. Drink sangria. It's a cool, light wine and fruit punch. Very colorful area with rich cooking smells and guitar music spilling into the street.

Stan Delaplane finds it impossible to answer all of his travel mail.

For his intimate tips on Japan, Italy, England, France, Russia, Hawaii, Mexico, Ireland and Spain (10 cents each), send coins and stamped, self-addressed, large envelope to the TORRANCE HERALD, Box RR, Torrance, Calif.

Morning Report:

Stand back. I mean stand back from your mailbox if you have a teen-ager in the family. Because, in this age of overspecialization, Mailbag International, Inc., has been formed just to send advertising to young people.

The firm's scientific surveys showed that teen-agers feel junked, depressed and discriminated against because all the junk mail was addressed to their parents. The kids have their own wastebaskets and they want something of their own to put in them.

I've already given up the telephone and the television set. And if the kids want the mailbox, too, that's O.K. with me. Between the ads and the bills, I don't get much joy out of it anyway.

Abe Mellinkoff

Meaning of Profit

To some people, apparently, the word "profit" is an evil word. Why, the dogma goes, should one man or one group make money out of the earnings of others?

The answer is simple enough. And a statement by one of this country's oil companies tells the substance of it. This company—like innumerable others in all fields of enterprise—has met a constantly growing public demand for its products, and has had to invest millions upon millions to produce and market them.

So the question is, where does all this money come from?

Again, the answer is simple. A substantial part of it comes from profits which are plowed back into business. Other parts come in borrowing which, in each case, came from funds resulting from profits made somewhere, in some way, by some one.

This company makes another, and little recognized point concerning the public revenue the nation gains from profits through taxation. Each year, it says, the taxes on profits of U. S. corporations provide the federal government with enough revenue to pay the entire cost of operating the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, Health Education and Welfare, Labor and State; plus the Atomic Energy Commission, the C. A. B., the F. H. A., the Veterans Administration and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Finally, it is pointed out, practically every product you use owes its existence to profits—as do the 68.5 million jobs which men and women fill.

It is to everyone's interest to encourage, not discourage, reasonable profits.

Sex Ads in Metros

Embattled parents trying to establish a decent reading climate for their children are justified, in our opinion, in their criticism of lurid illustrations in motion picture advertising carried daily and on Sunday in the metropolitan daily newspapers.

If there is the slightest hint of sex in any scene of the production being advertised (even those purporting to tell a Biblical story) it is exploited to the fullest with no editing from the newspaper. If a teenager feels an urge to pursue his less elevating impulses, he need not furtively browse the corner magazine or liquor shop; all he has to do is to read the metropolitan or morning newspaper his parents subscribe to or buy it himself at a news rack.

A number of years ago this community newspaper threw out the mat illustration of a now erstwhile advertiser because we considered it lacked elemental good taste and was indeed pornographic by very liberal interpretation. We tread lightly on all thresholds of censorship as a matter of policy but, in this instance, we did not have to be hit on the head to realize a simple obligation to our readers.

Opinions of Others

LONDON, OHIO, MADISON PRESS: "We have long been advocates of private business handling all jobs pertaining to the welfare of the public insofar as is possible. . . . Back in 1920 the telephone companies began installing dial phones. Now the automatic phone system is spread from coast to coast and the company employs 2½ times as many people as back in 1920. In the same time the post office has made so very few improvements in handling the mail that it stands out as the prime example to demonstrate the merits of the private system over that of the government operated program."

BRIDGEHAMPTON, N. Y., NEWS: "One hundred years ago George S. Boutwell, first Commissioner of Internal Revenue, had a staff of only one clerk, and personally read all letters from taxpayers."